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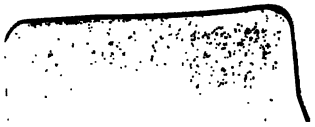
CHARLES LOWE.

CHARLES LOWE.

1874.



Memorial

TO

CHARLES LOWE.

DEPARTED THIS EARTHLY LIFE AT SWAMPSCOTT, MASS., JUNE 20, 1874.

LAST SERVICES, TRIBUTES OF LOVE,

AND SERMON

PREACHED AT SOMERVILLE BY REV. H. H. BARBER, JUNE 28, 1874.

REPRINTED, WITH ADDITIONS, FROM

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BOSTON:

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9 April, 1892.

The Gift of

JOHN H. MORISON, D.D.

COCHRANE & SAMPSON, PRINTERS,

No. 9 Bromfield Street, Boston.

CHARLES LOWE.

LAST SERVICES.

SHORT services were held at the house, in Somerville, on Wednesday, June 24, 1874, Rev. G. W. Durrell, of the St. Thomas Episcopal Church, offering prayer. The funeral procession then proceeded to the Unitarian Church, Highland Avenue, where, at noon, the choir began the services by singing, "Lead, Kindly Light." Prayer was next offered by Rev. H. H. Barber, pastor of the church, who followed with reading appropriate selections from the Scriptures. The choir sang, "The Lord is my Shepherd," after which Rev. Dr. Bellows, of New York, made an address. Prayer was next offered by Rev. Dr. Peabody, of Cambridge; the choir sang, "Rest, Weary Heart," and the benediction was pronounced.

SELECTIONS OF SCRIPTURES.

BLESSED are the meek; for they shall inherit the earth.

Blessed are the merciful; for they shall obtain mercy.

Blessed are the pure in heart; for they shall see God.

Blessed are the peace-makers; for they shall be called the children of God.

And I heard a voice from heaven saying unto me, "Write, 'Blessed are the dead that die in the Lord, from henceforth;'" even so, saith the Spirit, for they rest from their labors, and their works do follow them.

The souls of the righteous are in the hand of God, and there shall no torment touch them.

In the sight of the unwise they seemed to die, but they are in peace.

For, though they be punished in the sight of men, yet is their hope full of immortality.

And, having been a little chastised, they shall be greatly rewarded; for God proved them, and found them worthy for himself.

As gold in the furnace hath he tried them, and received them as a burnt offering.

The memorial of virtue is immortal; because it is known with God and with men.

When it is present men take example at it, and when it is gone they desire it; it weareth a crown and triumpheth forever, striving for undefiled rewards.

Though the righteous be prevented with death, yet shall he be in rest.

For honorable age is not that which standeth in length of time, nor that is measured by number of years.

But wisdom is the gray hair unto men, and an unspotted life is old age.

He pleased God, and was beloved of Him; and, being made perfect in a short time, fulfilled a long time.

How is he numbered among the children of God, and his lot is among the saints.

How was he honored in the midst of the people in his coming out of the sanctuary.

As the sun shining upon the temple of the Most High, and as the rainbow giving light among the bright clouds;

As the flower of roses in the spring of the year, as lilies by the rivers of waters;

As fire and incense in the censer; and as a vessel of beaten gold, set with all matter of precious stones;

When he went up to the holy altar, he made the garment of holiness honorable.

When the ear heard him, then it blessed him, and when the eye saw him it gave witness to him;

Because he delivered the poor that cried, and the fatherless, and him that had none to help him.

The blessing of him that was ready to perish came upon him, and he caused the widow's heart to sing for joy.

He chose out their way, and sat chief as one that comforteth the mourners.

He put on righteousness, and it clothed him; his judgment was as a robe and diadem.

He was eyes to the blind, and feet was he to the lame.

He was a father to the poor, and the cause which he knew not he searched out.

Unto him men gave ear, and waited, and kept silence at his counsel.

He was a good man; and full of the Holy Ghost and of faith.

The steps of a good man are ordered by the Lord, and he delighteth in his way.

Though he fall he shall not be utterly cast down, for the Lord upholdeth him with his hand.

Mark the perfect man and behold the upright, for the end of that man is peace.

Let me die the death of the righteous, and let my last end be like his.

So teach us to number our days that we may apply our hearts unto wisdom.

Blessed be God, even the Father of our Lord Jesus Christ, the Father of mercies, and the God of all comfort;

Who comforteth us in all our tribulation, that we may be able to comfort them which are in any trouble by the self-same comfort wherewith we ourselves are comforted of God.

For as the sufferings of Christ abound in us, so our consolation also through Christ aboundeth.

And our hope of you is steadfast; knowing that as ye are partakers of the sufferings, so ye shall also be partakers of the consolation.

For God, who commanded the light to shine out of darkness, hath shined in our hearts, to give the knowledge of the glory of God in the face of Jesus Christ.

But we have this treasure in earthen vessels, that the excellency of the power may be of God, and not of us.

For which cause we faint not; but though our outward man perisheth, yet the inward man is renewed day by day.

For our light affliction, which is but for a moment, worketh for us a far more exceeding and eternal weight of glory;

While we look not at the things which are seen, but at the things

which are not seen; for the things which are seen are temporal, but the things which are not seen are eternal.

For we know that if our earthly house of this tabernacle were dissolved, we have a building of God, a house not made with hands, eternal in the heavens.

For in this we groan, earnestly desiring to be clothed upon with our house which is from heaven.

Now he that wrought the self-same thing for us is God, who also hath given us the earnest of the spirit.

Therefore we are confident, and willing to be absent from the body, and to be present with the Lord.

Wherefore we labor that, whether present or absent, we may be accepted of him.

Giving no offence in anything, that the ministry be not blamed:

But in all things approving ourselves as the ministers of God, in much patience, in afflictions, in necessities, in distresses;

By pureness, by knowledge, by long-suffering, by kindness, by love unfeigned,

By the word of truth, by the power of God, by the armor of righteousness on the right hand and on the left;

As unknown, and yet well known; as dying, and behold we live; as sorrowful, yet always rejoicing.

In all things I have kept myself from being burdensome unto you; and I will gladly spend and be spent for you.

For I am now ready to be offered, and the time of my departure is at hand.

I have fought a good fight, I have finished my course, I have kept the faith:

Henceforth there is laid up for me a crown of righteousness, which the Lord, the righteous Judge, shall give me at that day: and not to me only, but unto all them also that love his appearing.

And I saw as it were a sea of glass, mingled with fire; and them that had gotten the victory stand beside the crystal sea, having the harps of God.

And there shall be no more death, neither sorrow nor crying, neither shall there be any more pain: for the former things are passed away.

ADDRESS BY REV. H. W. BELLOWS, D.D.

Since the death of Henry Ware and Ephraim Peabody our denomination has not met with a heavier loss or felt a sorer grief than in the death of Charles Lowe, long threatened, but sudden at the last.

I could wish that the duty and privilege of speaking at his funeral had fallen to some one more intimately acquainted with him in ministerial and domestic life than myself. No one could well know more of him as a public man, and especially in what will perhaps longest continue to be remembered, his work as Secretary of the American Unitarian Association. It was there and in that relation that I was for many years brought into the closest contact with him; there that I learned to know and honor and trust him wholly; and there that he learned enough of me to make it one of his dying requests that, with others, I should occupy this place to-day. I must leave others at other times to tell you of his early work in the ministry at New Bedford, from which, in the full promise of great usefulness, at a post dignified and consecrated by many illustrious predecessors, he was cut off by failing health, or of his later work in Salem, and finally here in Somerville, where your sympathy and love fixed his home after he had been obliged to give up his pastoral labors among you. These short pastorates, all broken up by the failure of a strength on which he had too fondly reckoned, indicate his strong love for his profession. He won the hearts of every parish he ministered to, however brief his term of office; and, humanly speaking, it is deplorable that he was not permitted to serve the church and the world in the way he most desired. For he was peculiarly fitted by his strong faith in religious institutions and affectionate, gentle, and sympathetic nature, for a pastorship, but his health never allowed him to engage long in any position which required stated and periodic services. His original tastes and his intellectual fitness would have made him, with an ordinary measure of health, a scholar and a theologian as well as a pastor. His love of study early carried him abroad, and I recall the affectionate enthusiasm with which Prof. Tholuck spoke of his promise when I met him at Halle. But he was never long permitted by his frail constitution

to do anything for which his eminent gifts in all other respects so admirably fitted him. Neither much reading and study, to which his tastes called him, nor much preaching and ministering, for which he had qualifications that needed only sound lungs to make them eminent, was allowed him. He had no sooner shown his intellectual and spiritual abilities in both these directions than his health gave way and compelled him to pause and choose some less perilous path. Yet his love for study and for preaching was never extinguished, and he was always hoping and believing that he might return to one or the other or both. His faith in his own profession was so profound and so affectionate that he never could give it up; while his interest in theological studies occupied his attention to the last and inspired the final effort of his life, the attempt to make a theological review worthy of the denomination he loved and served so long and so ably — an effort which had his dying words to attest the strength of his purpose.

But meanwhile his chief work in life, and that for which all his varied gifts and experiences, his temperament, talents and culture, so admirably and exceptionally fitted him, had been apportioned to him. At the most critical period in the history of our denomination, when it was most torn with factions and most threatened with internal decay, Charles Lowe, in a day most blessed for himself and more blessed for our sacred cause, became Secretary of the American Unitarian Association. For six anxious, varied, and laborious years he filled that delicate, exhausting, and responsible post, originating or perfecting all the chief measures which resulted in the development of our resources, whether in money, missionary effort, organization or enterprise. Whatever our publishing department became, he largely made it; whatever our new confidence in ourselves and each other has become, he as much as anybody inspired or directed it. He made himself master of the particular condition and wants of all our churches, and he studied with profound thoughtfulness all and every means by which their life could be sustained. That slight, frail form, with the open smile, the clear, dark, soft, yet piercing eye; the gentle, sweet, but ringing voice, that occupied so steadily the Secretary's chair, now listening patiently to the supplications, complaints and anxieties of parish committees, now to the grievances and sorrows of

anxious ministers; this minute to the warnings of conservatives and the next to the threats of radicals; writing endless letters of inquiry, encouragement, suggestion, sympathy, — who of us does not know it and wonder how so much labor and care were ever encountered by so feeble and diseased a body! If there be a position suited to try a man's patience, wisdom, and endurance, the Secretary's in those days was one.

Mr. Lowe's qualifications for this post were so admirable that he may almost be said to have created it. He found it a place of moderate importance, he left it a post of first-rate dignity and influence; and in making the place so important, he lifted our denominational affairs into fresh light and promise. His zeal and faith, his patience and authority, his intelligence, his temper, his freedom from all personal ends, his power of winning respect and influence, without exciting envy or suggesting the love of power or betraying the habit of command, all conspired to enable him to concentrate the energies and sympathies of our body in one general movement; to give us a kind of official head without alarming our jealousies and without allowing us to be very conscious that we had one. For who bore more meekly, with less betrayal of personal importance, with less obtrusiveness, the sceptre which fell into his hands? He had a planning, statesman-like faculty, with large excutive powers; a patient, persistent industry which made him able and willing to wait for the end, steadily pressing towards his purposes. Among these purposes a very dear one was the securing of an edifice in Boston worthy of the chief seat of our Liberal Christianity and the centre of our power, which should be the home of our organized labors, the gathering-place, exchange and laboratory of our sympathies and fellowships. Had his health permitted him to hold his post a few years longer, I believe he would have achieved this object. I wish it might still be effected; for what memorial of Mr. Lowe's services would be fitter than the completion of an enterprise so very dear to his heart?

In the great trials which our honest divisions and antagonisms of opinion have produced, Mr. Lowe's broad, yet never loose or unsettled convictions, made him always a moderator and a balance-wheel. He stretched his sympathies widely in both directions;

he prized all that was good in opposite tendencies, and helped, as much as any one, to reconcile our contestants to each other. We must all remember the many times when his coolness, tact, wisdom, and love have saved us from irritation, disputes and hasty actions. Somehow, nobody believed Charles Lowe could be his enemy, or could be far from right! He had in such large measure the sympathy and confidence of both sides, — was so truly beloved and so heartily trusted, that it seemed impossible to bring any controversy to a bad conclusion where he was. How often has he closed the meetings of our local conferences, which he organized and by which he will be longest remembered, with his healing words, how often defeated the disposition to revolt, or to quarrel, or to divide! I certainly do not see how under divine Providence any one else can be considered as much as Mr. Lowe as the chief peace-maker in our own body for ten years past, — when we have been sorely tried, because honestly agitated and confused by conflicting opinions. I cannot but believe that his labors, prayers, sympathies for our common good will have a permanent blessing upon them; and that our Unitarian denomination will bear for a generation to come the evident mark of his wisdom and goodness upon its organization, spirit and victories.

But what is all that a man can do, compared with what he is? Mr. Lowe's real work in life was the forming of his own character. Nature had given him an excellent understanding, a wise heart, a keen conscience, and vigorous will. His powers, in no direction consummate, were so evenly balanced that the total of them was large and strong. In equipoise, he was exceptionally great; and although doubtless his pale face would blush in the coffin if I said he had no faults, his best friends are ready to declare they knew not what they were. God had given him everything essential to a first-rate career, except a good physical frame! this he never had. But he did the utmost with what he had of physical strength to utilize his talents and to do his Master's work. Few strong and hearty men have done more work, year by year, than he with his frail frame, his ever sensitive and complaining lungs. He loved God and man, truth and goodness, and it was his meat and drink to promote righteousness and holiness. Earnest, sincere, devoted, without manifesting a single

self-seeking thought or purpose, ambitious only of usefulness and of service to the church, and specially our branch of it, he exhibited a uniform sweetness, earnestness, simplicity, and unworldliness which gained him the hearts of all his co-workers. There was a mingled dignity and gentleness, a combined force and affection in Mr. Lowe, that made him equally respected and beloved. His goodness was never weak, his gentleness never invited misuse or abuse. His mind had an edge, his will a decisiveness, his conscience a force, which made him as far as possible from being a figure of wax to be worked this way and that by others' fingers. He was complying only where his positive convictions were not touched. Nobody could drive him from his duty or coax him to any compromise of his judgment.

He was essentially and truly, and from the core and to the rind, a man penetrated with faith and piety; living always in his Taskmaster's eye, seeking God's glory and striving to build up the Redeemer's kingdom. Feeling more than others the uncertainty of life, he had his conversation in heaven, and was known and read of all men as one who had been with Jesus.

Those who knew his domestic life testify to his absolute faultlessness in his relations as a husband, father, son, and brother. He bore fatigue, and long breaks in his power to labor, with uncomplaining sweetness. Absence never diminished his love for his friends, interruption never lessened his devotion to his life-work, sickness never soured his lovely and loving temper. He bore the sorrows and the triumphs of our religious body in his inmost heart. Our views were not to him matters of cool preference, but of passionate love. He did not merely feel them to be on the whole better than others, — but he knew them to be of the most vital importance to the public welfare. They were God-sent, Christ-warranted, urgently necessary, — the source of inexhaustible blessings; and his thoughts and prayers to the last were for more faith in them among the brethren and more devotion to them among the people. How he loved his ministerial brethren, how attached he made the few familiar workers with him, — the devoted assistants in the office of the American Unitarian Association, — their tears will witness as I speak; how the denomination loved him, you all know. To name him was to praise him, and

everybody found a welcome in any assembly of our public, who blessed his name.

That he should have been cheerful, disinterested, peaceful, hopeful, happy at the last, is only what all who knew him could have predicted. He thought of everything but himself, blessed the Providence that brought his death-blow to him away from home, because it gave him the undivided care and time of his beloved wife, named with warm affection the friends who had best loved him, met his release with joy, for he knew, he said, God had work for him in other worlds and nearer to himself! A heavenly smile lit up his face as he met the eyes of his beloved ones, whose fears and anguish were lost in sympathy with his mighty peace. He looked at the great ocean, which lay in his view every time he raised his head, and seemed to feel that it reflected the image of God, symbolized the fullness of eternity, and whispered the boundless peace of souls that turn at last to their source, as rivers run to the sea. Great peace have they that love thy law, and nothing shall offend them. Farewell, dear friend. Thy record is on high, thy rest is perfect, thy praise is in all our churches, thy memory shall not perish from our grateful hearts, thy earthly work is done, thy reward is come. Farewell!

C. L.

WHAT means the darkened room,
The silence, tears and gloom,
The mournful throng with downcast, veiled eyes?
Ah, turn aside and weep,
For in his last long sleep
The hero of unnumbered battles lies.

Not with his fellow man,
Upon the gory plain,
With cannon, drum and flame to stir the heart;
But in a quiet life,
Free from all show of strife,
He met the foe and won a victor's part.

Bring flowers to deck the bier,
Nor check the falling tear
For him who fought and conquered pain and sin.
The wearying strife is o'er,
And at the golden door
Angels await to bid him enter in.

With prayer and hymn and bell,
And funeral knell,
We lay his honored form beneath the sod.
'Tis only earth to earth,
The dust that gave him birth;
His spirit is ascended to his God.

M. A. H.

CHARLES LOWE.

[*From "The Unitarian Review and Religious Magazine," for July.*]

THERE are few readers of this Magazine to whom the tidings will not have already come, before they read these pages, of the translation of the heroic and saintly spirit of Charles Lowe to such work as God had for him to do in higher than earthly ways. While the present number of "The Unitarian Review and Religious Magazine" was passing through the press, after an illness of not many days, he was gently released on Saturday, June 20, at the age of forty-five. The sorrow of his loss is too fresh with us to allow of many words here; but the friend to whom he had temporarily entrusted the supervision of these pages cannot let them go forth without bearing a brief record of the life which, though not long, has been long enough for all the best things of love and service.

Charles Lowe was born in Portsmouth, N.H., the son of John and Ann (Simes) Lowe, Nov. 18, 1828. His father, for many years superintendent of the Exeter Mills, died in the summer of 1873; his mother survives him.

Educated at the Exeter Academy, he passed from thence in due course to Harvard College, whence he graduated with high honors in the class of 1847. He studied law a year at Exeter. The legal profession had many attractions for him, but finding that his conscience would be better satisfied in the work of the ministry, he embraced it with characteristic enthusiasm. Subsequently, after a year of professional study with Rev. A. P. Peabody, at Portsmouth, he occupied the post of Greek and Latin tutor in the college during a part of his course of study in the Divinity School, whence he graduated in 1851. In that student-time, his true and lovely character won a love and respect such as is rarely accorded, alike from his classmates, his pupils, and his teachers, and gave the promise of a useful and distinguished career, which was predicted for him with unu-

sual confidence by those best qualified to judge, among whom President Walker may be fitly mentioned here.

His first ministry was exercised in New Bedford, where he was ordained July 28, 1852, as colleague pastor with Rev. John Weiss over the First Congregational Church and Society in that place. The delicate health which later developed into the malady under whose disability he has bravely labored for many years, made it expedient for him to resign this position in 1853, and to seek to renew his strength by extended study and travel in Europe and the East, making friends wherever he went, by the sunshine and purity of his character.

After the lapse of more than twelve years, it was the fortune of the writer of these lines to hear the honored Tholuck speak most affectionately of Mr. Lowe as held in fresh memory at Halle as the type of what is best and truest in American character.

Returning to this country in 1855, he was invited to several of our best parishes, and accepted a call to the North Church in Salem, where he was installed September 27, 1855, with the fairest prospect of a long and successful ministry. But it was ordered otherwise. The unassisted and difficult duties of that position were too much for his strength. In the early summer of 1857 a weakness in his lungs developed itself, in so serious a form as to constrain him to resign (July 28, 1857) the pastorate which had been just long enough to reveal the full beauty of his Christian character, the wisdom blended with his modesty, the manly strength which his gentleness could not hide, and to bind many hearts to him in an affection which no lapse of time can dim.

The seventeen years that have elapsed, during which we have had the blessing of his presence with us, have been rescued for his further labors in the work which he loved, contrary to any expectation which experienced physicians then dared to entertain, by his wise use of every means of health, and by his resolute will to wear out rather than to rust out. He married, September 16, 1857, Martha A., daughter of the late Justus and Hannah (Wood) Perry, of Keene, N.H., who, with two children, survives him. To the perfect sympathy in his literary and other labors which this marriage brought him is due not a little of the success with which he has labored, notwithstanding his frail health. In the spring of

1859, he had sufficiently recovered to be able (May 28) to take charge of the Unitarian Society at Somerville, whose somewhat lighter duties he was able to fulfill until his appointment as Secretary of the American Unitarian Association, in 1865, transferred him from the direct work of the ministry to a position as difficult and responsible as it was honorable. His official duty now brought him into relations with the ministers and congregations of the Unitarian body, which gave a field peculiarly adapted to his special gifts of mind and character. It is safe to say that such a position has rarely been so felicitously filled, in any Christian body, and that the place and the man seemed made for each other. In a denomination to whose traditions the idea of congregational independence is specially dear, and which is sometimes sensitive even to an excessive degree to the suspicion of official interference, Mr. Lowe soon came to exercise, by the winning powers of his character and the confidence which was reposed in his judgment, the function of a Christian bishop, such as it sometimes existed in the best times of the church. His tact in dealing with difficulties, his patience with conflicting minds, his gentle forbearance under personal oppositions, the breadth of his sympathies and the positive clearness of his own convictions, the transparent beauty of his daily life, in its utter unselfishness and Christian consecration, all combined to establish for him an influence whose extent he in his modesty would have been the last to imagine. The affection and respect which followed him on his retirement from the office of Secretary are such as few men are privileged to gain as the reward of a long life.

The same cause which has ended his earthly work, too soon for us, compelled his resignation of his official position in 1871, and he sought in Europe, whither he was accompanied by his family, to restore his failing strength, returning in May, 1873, in season to speak words of noble cheer at the Anniversaries. But his friends soon recognized that little permanent gain had been wrought, although they cherished the hope that the indomitable courage which fought against his depressing malady with so staunch a cheer might yet save for us years of a life so important to the best interests of the church which he loved, and so priceless to many who loved him.

He had felt constrained by considerations of health to decline a call to the pastorate of the First Parish in Cambridge, and also an invitation to the Presidency of Antioch College, soon after his return from Europe; but although not venturing to risk the constant strain of ministerial duty, another way of usefulness soon opened for him, in a manner very near his heart, in the editorship of this "Review." His stay abroad had been largely employed in knitting closer the ties of mutual knowledge and good-will between Liberal Christians of different names in Europe and the Unitarian Church of America, and his wide relations at home secured him the pledge of a co-operation which promised to make "The Review" under his editorship a growing power and a worthy organ for the scholarship of the Unitarian body. We do not need to recall to our readers the recent memory of his plans for the conduct of "The Review," as they have been laid down and developed in the successive numbers for March, April, May, and June, in a spirit most catholic yet loyal to the household of faith which he dearly loved; most conciliatory, yet simply true to his own clear convictions of faith and duty. Let the words which we copy here, from his letter of farewell to the publisher of this Magazine, testify to his deep interest in it, and speak to its readers the parting word of friendly good-will which he would have spoken, if his strength had been a little spared. They were dictated on the day before his death, when he was in great weakness of body, but in the calm and trustful mind to which the near event was but the passing from one chamber to another in the Father's "house of many mansions."

My dear Mr. Bowles, — JUNE 19, 1874.

I very much regret the disappointment and trouble my death is to cause you. I had large plans, and was more and more confident of making "The Review" valuable and profitable to you: but God's will has decided otherwise, and I have only to send you my love and my thanks for your kindness, and with the hope that you will be able to find some good man to carry on the work. There is excellent material on hand, or promised, for three or four numbers to come. . . .

Good bye.

Very truly yours, CHARLES LOWE.

The most remarkable quality in Mr. Lowe's character was the harmonious combination in it of qualities rarely so perfectly

united. The good sense and practical sagacity which made him a trusted counsellor in denominational affairs were lifted above the level of mere prudential wisdom by a spiritual insight fine and keen, which judged of policy by the eternal lights of principle always. His instinct of right and wrong was as unerring as the pointing of the needle to the pole. A stranger could not talk with him on the most commonplace subjects without feeling braced and quickened by contact with his pure and noble nature. Yet the absolute transparency of his conscience, clear and sharp as a diamond, was saved from the least hardness by the exquisite sympathy which bathed his whole nature with sunny warmth. He was a true apostle of love in his generation. His affection had a generous largeness of most unfailing constancy. A friend so unselfish in his requirements, so loyal in his faithfulness, so believing in the best possibilities of those whom he loved, seeing in them the highest that God purposed for them, is a perpetual inspiration to them. To have been loved by such a man is one of the best boons of life, and one of the surest pledges of the life immortal. Yet his personal regard never obscured his independent judgment. Faithful as he was loving, firm as he was gentle, he had, as was said of Ephraim Peabody, "preserved the righteousness, while leaving behind the austerity," of the Puritans.

The healthy, well-balanced mind which dwelt in him gave, in his earlier years, the promise of the scholarly attainment which he always valued and appreciated; but in part the imperious necessity of his delicate health, and in part his strong practical bent, directed his energies more and more away from the student's work and into ways of effective good. He felt that he must be about his Father's business. Indeed, those who knew him best felt that he unduly depreciated his own intellectual capacities. The clearness of his thought and precision of statement found expression in a style of perfect lucidity, with no word superfluous, and wherein the felicity of his illustrations enhanced but never embarrassed the ideas which they set forth. To his public speech these qualities imparted a great charm, and added as they were to gifts of voice and manner which were simply transparent to the unconscious beauty of his character, made him most effective in extemporaneous address, notwithstanding a natural diffidence

which was only overcome by his losing himself in the thought of the truth which he wished should not fail of expression. He thought only of that which ought to be said, but he persuaded by that which he himself was.

As a preacher, the intellectual modesty of which we have spoken, and his impatience of any use of his time which savored of literary ease, restrained him from expending his limited strength on the elaborate and finished discourses on which a great preacher's fame is built. He could not have written those and yet have done other things which he deemed more important for him to do. But we have seldom heard one preach who so persuaded to holiness, or so made real to his hearers the beauty of goodness and the grace and power that are by Jesus Christ. There was, indeed, one subject on which it seemed as if he could not preach from personal knowledge, and that was *sin*. He seemed sent to win men to virtue rather than to warn them from evil, and as if most of the temptations which beset humanity had no power even to solicit his unselfish and unworldly purity. He was emphatically a minister for the young, because he encouraged them to all good by the life which shone through every word he spoke. And few men are so endowed for the pastoral office as he, by the ready sympathy, the loving truthfulness, the discriminating word and unwearied deed in daily life, the spirit of prayer which consecrated his public ministrations.

In the words from Ecclesiasticus which were read at his funeral, with touching appropriateness, "When he went up to the holy altar, he made the garment of holiness honorable." In this day, when even the Christian ministry does not escape from sensationalism and shams, the example of Charles Lowe may well do much to recall our younger ministers to the true standard of their calling, and to impress on those who are entering the profession the fact that Christian simplicity is the very salt that alone can preserve its savor.

The "sweetness and light" which gave him such a charm over the hearts of those who knew him he had, indeed, by nature. But natural endowment was perfected in him by Christian grace. Beneath all the winning cordiality of manner, and bright, happy temper that shone and sparkled even on the surface to the most

careless eye, there flowed a deep, strong current of principle and consecrated loyalty, whose tide moved in steady obedience to the will of God. Nothing else than this could have wrought the wonder of that cheerful submission with which he endured the many thwartings of his eager spirit by the physical infirmities which were constantly disappointing his hopes and plans, — a cross borne with such serene patience that even the nearest knew not how heavy it was until they saw his joy, when the end drew near, at the thought that now he would be well and would have work to do in which the body would no longer fetter the spirit.

After an intimate friendship of nearly twenty years, the writer of these lines has yet to learn that he had a fault. So perfectly was his nature under the control of a religious will and an enlightened watchfulness over any latent weakness, that they had no opportunity so much as to show themselves. But his faultlessness was no pale shadow of negative virtue. His gentleness was rooted in a strength which held his whole being so obedient as not even to give sign of any struggle, but only to bear the tokens of victory.

Our eyes overflow with sorrow as we remember the clear, musical cheer of the voice, rich with a genuine, manly sympathy, the light that shone in his dark eyes, the bright smile, without a trace of the burden of pain and weakness so bravely, uncomplainingly borne. Those "lineaments of Gospel books" were transfigured by the Word of reconciliation which was in his heart and moulded his life, and was the message which, unconsciously to himself, spoke through him.

His daily walk testified of —

> "Days that in spite
> Of darkness, by the light
> Of a clear mind, were day all night.
>
> "Life that dared send
> A challenge to his end,
> And when it came, say, 'Welcome, friend!'"

And the close was in perfect accord with the Christian beauty of such a life. He had gone to Swampscott on the 30th of May, in the hope that the bracing air would revive his strength. But

a hemorrhage from the lungs, on the night of May 31st, was followed by others, and finally, in the early morning of June 18th, by one so severe as to make it evident that the time of his departure was at hand. To him was granted, what is not always the privilege even of a Christian saint, a day of tender farewells and loving messages, and of the disclosure of a faith and hope which were truly triumphant in their joy.

We trust that hereafter many of the words which he spoke in those hours may be allowed to encourage and bless others besides those who then were by his side. From the moment when he knew that he must die, he made the time a festival of holy cheer. "I shall want," he said, "to rest awhile, and then there will be higher work for me to do." He has, indeed, a work to do which has already begun; for "whatsoever things are true, whatsoever things are honest, whatsoever things are just, whatsoever things are pure, whatsoever things are lovely, whatsoever things are of good report," when we remember Charles Lowe we shall "think on these things."

H. W. F.

A LEAF

LAID ON THE CASKET OF CHARLES LOWE.

"If ye loved me," Jesus said,
Just before his spirit sped,
"Ye would all rejoice, for know
To my Father I shall go."

As we loved our brother here,
We will check the starting tear,
And rejoice that, soul new-born,
To his Father he has gone.

"Oil of joy," not "sorrow," now;
Light, not shadow, on the brow;
Thanks, not vain regrets, for him, —
Though the tears our eyes will dim.

Thanks to God for life so pure,
Strong to do, to bear, endure;
Thanks for faith that feared no cross,
Thanks for hope that knew no loss.

Thanks for love so deep and strong,
Love of right and hate of wrong;
Love unwelcome truth could tell
Just because it loved so well.

Love embracing in its span
Truth, and right, and God, and man;
Love so loyal and so sweet
It could every duty meet.

Love that cast out every fear
As the parting hour drew near;
Love that clasped the Father's hand,
Leading to the brighter land.

Risen brother! from above
Let us all still feel thy love;
Earth was fairer for thy stay,
Heaven is nearer us to-day.

W. P. TILDEN.

TRIBUTES TO THE MEMORY OF CHARLES LOWE.

[*From "The Unitarian Review and Religious Magazine," for August.*]

On the threshold of the department of this "Review" which was specially associated with Mr. Lowe, and where its readers will perhaps most keenly feel his loss, our feeling prompts us to place on record, in this memorial number, so much as space will permit of the multitude of tributes to his rare character and worth which have been called forth by his departure from among us. These tributes are alike unusual in their number and in their uniform appreciation of qualities which, one would have said, were too fine and delicate to be seized by the popular eye. There are some men whose influence on the world is, so to speak, external, and whose monument remains in organizations or institutions, or in literary works, to perpetuate their memory. Of them the monument itself will testify; and there is no need of words. But when one is taken away, who has spent himself in self-forgetting service, — not in building, but in being, — and whose influence was that personal effect of a noble life upon other lives, which is too deep and internal to reveal its full working until the secrets of all hearts shall be disclosed, the only monument which we can rear is that of the testimony of love and gratitude which is poured out upon his grave.

Such a bringing together in one symphony of common feeling, of the scattered voices which have given their loving witness, will present the strongest testimony to the power of his character. We believe that it will also help to continue the best work of that consecrated life by the real sympathy which it will disclose and will aid in quickening, between those of many differing opinions without as well as within the household of faith to which he belonged.

In the tributes from various sources which we bring together here, it will be noticed that the daily newspapers, which are often too hurried in their record of passing events to take special notice of the more interior qualities of those whom they commemorate,

linger with true appreciation on the impressions of his life, and join with the religious journals of his own and other denominations, and with the best minds among his ministerial brethren, each adding fresh traits to the portrait of a Christian character of exceptional beauty and power.

"The Advertiser" thus recorded the loss of "an honored and efficient leader" of the Unitarian denomination: —

"As a writer he was clear and forcible; and a sturdy common sense characterized everything which came from his pen. His latest productions are by much his best; and the growth of his mind during the later years of his life was very marked. His writings showed a much firmer and more confident grasp of his subject; and he became also a very effective extemporaneous speaker. His sermons were probably never brilliant, but they were the result of conscientious study, inspired by the single object of doing good. In the pulpit his manner was dignified and impressive, and he was always an acceptable preacher. Both by the natural inclination of his mind and by the convictions of his whole life he was averse to extreme views; and while his own opinions were firmly settled, he was always anxious not to interfere with the rights of others. In the councils of his own denomination he was always the advocate of moderate views, and he felt that the middle course was the safest. From the beginning of his active career, at almost every step, Mr. Lowe encountered the disappointments which come when the eager spirit is forced by the pressure of bodily disease to pause in the execution of cherished plans; but, in spite of many frustrated hopes, he has left behind him the fragrant memory of a useful and well-spent life."

"The Journal" said, —

"The announcement will cause regret to many in every part of the world where Unitarianism has any representation. A man of pure and sterling character, a preacher and pastor in whom were united scholarly and genuine Christianity, and a winning gentleman, a religionist of deep convictions, yet broad and generous in his feelings toward every phase of religious thought, he gained the respect and esteem of all with whom he came in contact. As Secretary of the Association he exhibited rare executive talent, combined with a faculty of reconciling contending elements, which made him equally efficient and popular. Neither stooping for the sake of pleasing, nor swerving in order to avoid criticism, he steered the Association clear of rocks upon which it was feared a split might occur, and at the time when he was compelled to relinquish the office to which he had been too faithful for his own physical good, no name was better known or more highly esteemed among Unitarians everywhere than that of Charles Lowe."

"The Transcript" dwelt upon "his devoted, manly and Christian life," and spoke of his —

"Sincere zeal, . . . in each pastorate magnifying his office by his modest, conciliating and tender fidelity as a religious teacher, guide and friend, preaching by his daily walk and conversation as truly as from the pulpit.

"It was, however, in the last position he held, that of Secretary of the American Unitarian Association, that he became most generally known, and perhaps it was in that he made most widely evident his intellectual and executive abilities, the sweetness of his kindly and courteous disposition, and the graces of his Christian self-culture. His heart was in the denomination to which he belonged, because he believed that by its progress and prosperity the cause of rational piety, doctrinal truth and sound morality would be advanced. But in his ardor he was generously catholic, without bigotry or exclusiveness towards those from whom he differed in his own or other communions. In the clerical circles, of which he was a cherished member, and in the special organization whose welfare and efficiency he did so much to promote, full and loving justice will be done to his large merits as a clergyman and his singularly pure character as a man. In these relations and among all who knew him there will be no lips to speak of him but in praise, as they mourn his departure and miss his presence from the places that were so cheered and profited by his labors and his fraternal spirit."

One of the most appreciative tributes was that of "The Golden Age," of New York, which in few words summed up the essential qualities of his character: —

"Rev. Charles Lowe, who died at Swampscott, near Boston, a week ago, was one of the most catholic minds and affectionate and devoted hearts this generation has produced. He had a genius for goodness, and his spirit seemed to have blossomed out of the Sermon on the Mount. He wrote well, but lived better, and was himself a great deal more and better than anything he ever said or did. If he was in a sect, it was something as a peach-tree is in a garden, only to take up what is best in the soil and secrete the utmost of the air and sunlight into nectar."

With felicity a skillful and loving hand described him in "The Commonwealth:" —

"Mr. Lowe was a rare man. To speak simply the truth we must fall into the language of eulogy. He had as few faults as almost any one now living. His heart was so full of love for all that he drew all to him. This will explain the secret of his attractiveness. As Secretary of the Unitarian Association he had a most difficult position, yet he fulfilled

its duties with universal satisfaction. But his interest extended beyond the limits of a denomination. He was an earnest worker for the freedman, and labored zealously for the education of the emancipated negro.

"Mr. Lowe combined in a remarkable degree the two qualities of love and fidelity to his convictions. In this he resembled Samuel J. May. While he won others by his sweetness of spirit, he was uncompromising in his convictions, and expressed them with the frankness of a child. Though not marked as a great preacher, he was very effective, and his mind ripened to the last, so that his latest writings show an increased breadth of thought, and a more comprehensive intellectual grasp. He had unusual executive ability, and his kindness of spirit was blended with common sense and clear judgment. As an extemporaneous speaker he would at times rise to an inspiring eloquence, and the fire of enthusiasm in his own soul kindled those who heard him. It is safe to say that in the denomination whose interests he cherished with such deep and constant devotion there is not a single man so universally esteemed and loved. As we write these lines our heart is touched with personal grief, and this is the common feeling among the wide circle of his friends and associates. As he lived so as to throw over all who came into his presence the light of his sunny spirit, so he died. His last hours were full of the sweetest faith. The sun brightened to its setting. As he lay on his couch and turned his face towards the window and saw the sea, he said, 'It is beautiful; but soon I shall see it when it will be still more so.' Religion during his life was the expression of all that was bright and beautiful; so when the last earthly hour came, and he drew near the end, his spirit was brightened by the hope of a richer and more spiritual beauty beyond. He passed into the more beautiful light of God.

"As we recall the memory of Mr. Lowe, we are reminded of Whittier's lines in remembrance of Joseph Sturge: —

"'The very gentlest of all human creatures,
He joined a courage strong,
And love outreaching unto all God's creatures,
With sturdy hate of wrong.

"'Tender as woman; manliness and meekness
In him were so allied,
That they who judged him by his strength or weakness
Saw but a single side.

"'And now he rests, his greatness and his sweetness
No more shall seem at strife,
And death has moulded into calm completeness
The statue of his life.'"

But perhaps the most striking sign of the way that the sunny virtue of this man's life had penetrated with wide influence is to

be found in the voices of generous recognition which have come up from beyond his own religious communion, showing that his spirit had melted the lines of sectarian separation in a manner which he would have recognized as one of the most happy results of his life.

In "The Index" (Free Religious) "A. W. S." said, —

"The recent death of Rev. Charles Lowe, of Somerville, has filled the hearts of his friends — and they were many — with very deep sorrow. It was our privilege to have known Mr. Lowe, with some degree of intimacy, for several years. While he was serving his long term as Secretary of the American Unitarian Association, we were a member of its Board of Directors for two years, and had frequent occasions of meeting him and testing the gentleness, courtesy, and nobility of his nature. Though of decidedly conservative convictions, he was most broad, generous, and liberal in his spirit — always, as an officer of the Association, in practical matters, disposed to go far in toleration of the radicals of his denomination. His demeanor towards us, in this respect, we shall always remember with the most appreciative consideration. We ever found him an eminently true and sincere man, and as open and frank as the day. In spirit and character, as well as in faithful and valuable service, he was one of the brightest ornaments and most useful members of the Unitarian organization in America."

"Zion's Herald" (Methodist) said, —

"There is a pathetic interest attached to the July number of 'The Unitarian Review.' It bears the name of its late editor, Rev. Charles Lowe, while he himself has rested from his earthly labors. Its contents, however, were gathered by the hand that is now fast crumbling into dust, and his gentle and devout spirit is breathed through its pages. Mr. Lowe was a man whose death is a loss to the whole Christian community as well as to his own religious body. He possessed a rare combination of attractive gifts. He was of a kindly temper, a man of wide reading, with the additional culture of travel. Having a graceful and ready pen, a positive conviction as to the nature of the gospel of the Lord Jesus, and an earnest desire to secure the spread of its humane and spiritual influences among men, he was singularly fitted to be the active Secretary of the Unitarian Association, and the vigorous and successful editor of its review and religious magazine. It will be difficult to find another so earnest a representative of the sect who, at the same time, will exhibit a spirit so catholic and gentle, and have so much general facility for doing varied service in the denomination."

"The Advance," the Chicago organ of the Trinitarian Con-

gregationalists, paid its tribute to "Mr. Lowe's deeply religious character."

"The Universalist" said of him, —

"He had mastered the beautiful secret of so performing all tasks as to keep a conscience void of offence, both towards God and towards men. Unselfish, amiable, sincere, and high-minded, he was such an example of a Christian citizen and church officer as we could wish might be universally emulated. His death is indeed a serious loss to his own denomination; but when such a rare embodiment of the style of life all denominations exist to produce passes away, every genuine interest of our common Christianity misses a helper of its joy."

"The Christian Recorder," organ of the African Methodist Church, published in Philadelphia, said of Mr. Lowe, —

"Whether he was a Christian intellectually, we know not; but that he was Christlike scores of our preachers and hundreds of our people can testify. If heaven is the final resting-place of those who, like Ben Adhem, love their brother man, then is Charles Lowe at rest."

"The Liberal Christian" said, —

"In the death of Rev. Charles Lowe the Unitarian denomination loses a faithful minister, the world a good man. His was a life of honorable endeavor, rare purity and purpose consecrated to the highest and best ends. Lack of physical strength rendered it impossible for him to accomplish all that he would gladly have done for the cause of humanity, but he left behind him a record which shows most clearly how the noble mind can rise victorious above weakness of the body."

The beautiful notice of his life and character which appeared in "The Christian Register," from the hand of Rev. T. J. Mumford, will fitly close this remarkable series of expressions, from the public press, of love and sorrow: —

"The death of this universally beloved and honored representative of Liberal Christianity has occasioned rare depth and breadth of sorrow. Our denomination mourns the loss of its favorite standard-bearer; and all who knew him, whatever may have been the honest differences of opinion, bear cordial testimony to the elevation and purity of his spirit, and the largeness and warmth of his heart. There may have been men more remarkable for mere brilliancy of intellect and wealth of attainments, but in 'love, joy, peace, long-suffering, gentleness, goodness, faith, meekness, and temperance,' he was unsurpassed.

"When Mr. Lowe entered upon his duties as the chief executive offi-

cer of our most important missionary organization, it was a very critical time in the history of the Association. There had just been a revival of activity, and the contributions of the people were largely increased. Compared with the operations of some great denominations, our transactions were still of very modest dimensions, but contrasted with the meagreness of our earlier efforts they seemed very encouraging. It was difficult, however, to prevent a relapse into indifference and parsimony. In planning and executing the new work for which there was an urgent demand, Mr. Lowe manifested commendable zeal tempered with equally creditable discretion. While his enthusiasm warmed the hearts of our people, and made them eager to heed his suggestions, his scrupulous vigilance in the use of their gifts secured the permanence of their faith in the uprightness and wisdom of his administration.

"Mr. Lowe served us in the department of thought even better than in the province of action. During his administration the question of adhering to our liberal policy, or yielding to the demands of a reactionary spirit, was well and finally settled. Honestly conservative in his own opinions, but uncompromisingly catholic and inclusive in his treatment of the views of more radical Christians, he bore himself through an exciting contest with masterly calmness and consistency. No criticisms, however severe and annoying, could ever provoke him into undue warmth of resentment, or morbid unwillingness to investigation. He lived with open doors, and invited unsparing scrutiny. His principles of official conduct were so carefully laid down, and so firmly adhered to, that the more they were examined the greater became the faith in his absolute fairness, and the more complete the satisfaction with his broad and generous policy. He went out of office rewarded and cheered by the sincerest expressions of denominational admiration and gratitude.

"After ceasing to be Secretary, he spent nearly two years in Europe, endeavoring to recruit his strength, and extending his acquaintance with liberal Christian movements in several countries. Visiting England, he was received with most gratifying cordiality. He reached home just before Anniversary Week in 1873, and no one who was present at the Music Hall Festival can ever forget the hearty and prolonged applause by which he was re-assured of our abiding love and honor. It was one of the most genuine and richly deserved ovations ever given to a public man. He devoted some months to rest and meditation, and then his desire to be useful became once more too strong to be resisted. Well aware that his time on earth was probably short, and feeling deeply that he must work the works of Him that sent him while it was yet day, he looked around for a congenial task. Offered the editorship of a monthly magazine, he saw at once that, if even a very moderate amount of strength should be granted him, he could render valuable service to our denominational literature. He entered upon this work hopefully, and never

stayed his hand until further activity was forbidden by the authoritative voice of Death. His connection with 'The Unitarian Review' has proved to be very brief, but the affecting circumstances of the sudden interruption of his labor, and the apparent defeat of his half-developed plans, should move his friends to consecrate both intellectual and material aid to carrying forward an enterprise peculiarly identified with one so dear to us, and so intelligently and disinterestedly devoted to the highest interests of our cause.

"It has seemed fitting that we should briefly review some of the public services of our brother who has risen into the higher life, but Charles Lowe was much more than an efficient secretary and a capable editor. In every relation of life he was especially attractive and satisfactory. He was so gentle and modest, and yet so brave and strong, so pure and yet so charitable, so afflicted and yet so submissively cheerful and grateful, that it is now the delight of his friends to recall the charms of his remarkable personal character. If men are ever 'born to be loved,' surely he is one of those who have fulfilled this gracious destiny. And the cause of such a happy fate is an open secret; for, as was once said of Dr. Arnold, 'he loved his family as if he had no friends, his friends as if he had no family, and his country and his church as if he had neither family nor friends.' Let us cherish his memory with fond and thankful pride, and imitate his noble example of entire devotion to all that can promote the welfare of humanity by establishing the kingdom of God upon earth."

The official notices which have been taken of his departure by the various bodies with which he was connected showed not less, by their freedom from all conventional formality, the influence of the naturalness and gracious simplicity of truth which dwelt in him.

The Association of Ministers in and about Cambridge, who were his most intimate professional associates, testified to "the Christian love with which his heart overflowed, and the graces of character which made his presence as sunlight to our hearts. While we lament," they said, "his departure from among us, we thank God for the Christian faith which his life illustrated, and which is so full of consolation now, that the heaven which he has entered gives wider opportunity for the exercise of his virtues and the employments which he loved."

It was fitting that his long-time associates on the Board of the American Unitarian Association should have unanimously approved

the following expression, offered by Rev. J. F. W. Ware, at their July meeting: —

"Having lived the just measure of a life, Charles Lowe passes from earthly labors, and we, his associates and friends, witnesses to his much fidelity and zeal, desire to put on record the simple expression of our love for him as a man, and our grateful admiration of virtues and energies which the depressions and wastings of disease seemed only to quicken. In his day, and beyond his strength, he served his denomination, the public, and his country, spending and spent for others, and growing into that life which is hid with Christ in God. Remembering his family with respectful sympathy, we commend them to the comforting of Him who alone comforteth."

To which the present Secretary of the Association added the expression of his own "personal sympathy, and deep sense of our great loss. In the position which he so nobly filled," wrote Mr. Shippen, "I hear on every hand the testimonies of his self-sacrifice, fidelity, of his rare sweetness and purity, and of his large practical wisdom. He has grandly proclaimed and illustrated the principles of our liberal faith, and left us all his debtors."

But not alone in the religious body which he earnestly served did the sorrow for his loss find something very different from a mere formal, official expression. The community among whom he lived recognized that it had been bereaved of one of its most public-spirited citizens. The Trustees of the Public Library of Somerville recorded the "active interest and earnest support which he had given" that institution. And the School Committee of that city placed "upon permanent record" their "sense of the great bereavement that has fallen upon this city, by the early and sudden death of one whose prominent position was rendered yet more conspicuous by the rare combination of excellences that marked his character. The duties of his sacred calling were his joy and delight, and his highest happiness was found in ministering to the happiness of others, in guiding, sustaining, and comforting those who were distressed in mind, body, or estate." And they resolved "that we deeply deplore the loss we have sustained as a Board, and those important interests also which we represent, in the final departure from our midst of a member distinguished for scholarly attainments, for sound judgment, and that

delicate courtesy and kindness in all relations which made his counsel always wise, and his presence something like a benediction;" and that "we shall gratefully cherish the remembrance of his pride in the honor and prosperity of the city, his chosen home, and shall hold his singular worth in a most pleasant and sacred recollection."

IN MEMORIAM.

AND is he gone? And shall we never more
Behold the gentle, loving smile of one
Who, though with agony oppressed, still bore
His part so bravely till the fight was done?
That smile — a ray of peace — we shall not see
Till Death has summoned us and solved the mystery.

And are the lips forever mute, that spake
The many words of wisdom, hope, and love?
Must they be still? their silence never break,
And their sweet accents only heard above?
The lips, that spoke so bravely and so well to us,
Now serve, in higher sphere, the Lord all-glorious.

The eyes that beamed forth hope and trust and light,
And shed their rays of joy on all around, —
Are they forever sealed in Death's dark night,
And shall their glory never be unbound?
In death they're closed; the spirit looks, unsealed,
On perfect life above, and mysteries revealed.

The heart that throbbed in sympathy for all
In pain, in sorrow, or in woe or sin,
And sought to soothe, to cheer and disenthrall, —
Has it, too, ceased to live 'mid worldly din?
Ah! but the power that moved it still moves on, —
The music of a higher life before the Throne.

The smile of love, the words of peace, no more?
The eyes that beamed forth tenderness — the heart
Unselfish, ever seeking to restore
The dead in sin to life — have done their part

Below, and we are left to feel the loss of one,
A servant of the Lord, crowned with a work well done.

The spirit of his life is ours. We feel
It walking in our midst. It cannot die.
It bids us labor for the human weal,
And never from the battle-field to fly.
We will not mourn him then as gone, for he remains
With us. The eager soul has only burst its chains.

The mortal is immortalized, and though
The body moulders 'mid sweet Auburn's shade,
And sighing trees his requiem murmur low,
His work and life and name shall never fade;
And generations yet unborn shall rise to pay
Their tribute to the strong, pure life we lose to-day.

Chelsea, Mass., July, 1874. J. L.

FURTHER TRIBUTES.

[*From "The Unitarian Review and Religious Magazine," for August.*]

In the home of Mr. Lowe's childhood, and by the lips of one of his most valued teachers and most honored friends, the following tribute was paid to him by Rev. A. P. Peabody, D.D., in a sermon on "The Transcendent Worth of Intuition as a Ground of Faith," delivered before the New Hampshire Unitarian Conference, at Exeter, June 30, 1874: —

"Brethren, a week ago some of you stood with me by the lifeless form and the grave-side of one who — lovingly remembered by all who knew him — should be especially commemorated here, in the home of his youth, his parents, and his lifelong affection. His was pre-eminently the clear intuition of Christian verities, of which I have spoken. In his mind doubt and skepticism were rendered impossible by the moulding of his earliest character after the Christ-pattern, and the turning of his youthful steps heavenward. His Christian consciousness betrayed itself in eye and mien and voice. It outrayed itself in a wonderful beauty of holiness in his home-life and his social intercourse. It made him serene, glad and hopeful during years of weary infirmity and slow decline; and over and over again clothed him with new vigor for his life-work, when but for the recruited strength of the inner man, the outer man would

have utterly sunk and failed. Wherever he went, he carried with him the sweetness and the penetrating power of a Christian presence. Even in the Arabian desert, the rude Moslem guides and servants, touched by his gentleness, his unruffled temper and his tender thoughtfulness for their comfort, paid an unwonted homage to Christianity as exemplified in him. Wherever he has lived or sojourned, his whole demeanor and intercourse have been a persuading and convincing power for the truth which he had found precious. And when the death-summons came, he received it without a moment's surprise or perturbation, welcomed it as his Lord's call, and passed away with a trust so peaceful, steadfast, and realizing, as to seem sight even more than faith.

"Brethren, such lives, if we only have grace to live them, are our best defence of the Gospel, our most efficient preaching, our truest service to our Lord and Master, and to the souls which he died to save, and ever lives to bless."

At the close of a sermon from the text, "Blessed are the pure in heart, for they shall see God," Rev. B. F. McDaniel, of Exeter, N.H., said, —

"With the exception of him who must ever stand as the highest example of his own noblest beatitude, I have brought no illustrations of this sum of all virtue, purity of heart. How well this deficiency is supplied by the thought of one recently deceased, who with more than Addison's truthfulness and grace, could have called to his friends, 'Come see how a Christian can die.'

"The outward form of Charles Lowe has passed from the sight of men. After a life-long battle with disease, he at last yielded himself to nature's stern law. But never did St. Paul's exultation in his victory over death and the grave get a finer expression than in the last hours of him many of us so truly loved. How poor our precepts of purity in the face of such an example! How empty our arguments for immortality in view of such an imperishable soul! We are stronger after every such death. And if such deaths add so much to the moral strength of the world, how vast the pure influence of such lives! Toward him friendship quickly ripened into love; for in the presence of God's uncorrupted ones the heaven of truth and love, aye, the Father himself, stand revealed! How gladly would I have you forget all I have said this morning if you could catch and hold until death Charles Lowe's spirit of purity and high-mindedness! Words are often seed devoured by cares or choked by pleasures, but here is a life, at once saintly and heroic, which hallowed and inspired every place he held and all the men he met. 'He being dead yet speaketh.' May the sweet and holy strain of his pure, devoted life reduce to harmony with truth, virtue, and love the lives we here shall live in the flesh, that out of them shall go the prayer which was the issue and realization of the life of our friend."

A minister so consecrated to his calling, so eminently endowed with the pastoral gifts and the traits of mind and character which ensure respect and affection, could not but retain the best part of the ministerial relation through all the separations of his home and his work from his former charge. His successor at Somerville has tenderly expressed the feelings of that people, in the sermon which is printed in another part of this number of "The Review;" and the tributes of his successors in the other parishes where he formerly ministered should here be put on record.

"W. J. P.," his successor in his earliest parish, thus wrote, in "The Index," —

"By the death of Charles Lowe one of the rare souls has passed away. Too many testimonies cannot be given to such a man's worth: not that such character needs the testimonies, but that friends need for their own satisfaction to utter them. Mr. Lowe began his professional work twenty-two years ago this month, as associate pastor of the First Congregational Society at New Bedford. He remained with the society only a year, his health thus early failing; but in that short time he won the love of hearts that through all the succeeding years of separation he retained. And his work during that year, especially in the Sunday-school, and in private homes, left an impress which has not vanished. Clear in thought, pure in heart, energetic and self-sacrificing in action, so he has nobly performed and nobly finished his life's service. So fair was he to all opinions, so just to others' motives, so true to the right, so filled with the spirit of good-will, that I think he never made an enemy, and attracted constant friends wherever his lot called him to live. Compelled to fight an insidious disease from the very beginning of his public work, he yet, by sheer strength of will and spirit, seemed to keep the forces of dissolution at bay, so that he did apparently a well man's tasks. And, though he has now died at forty-five, he was one of those of whom we may repeat the words, 'Honorable age is not that which standeth in length of time, nor that is measured by number of years. But wisdom is the gray hair unto men, an unspotted life is old age.' Blessed be the memory of the man when dead, who by his life blessed so many souls!"

We quote the following from "The Salem Gazette:" —

"The intelligence came with startling suddenness, on Sunday morning, to the members of his former congregation, when announced at the North Church by Rev. Mr. Willson, his successor in the pastorate, who accompanied the announcement with a just, feeling, and affectionate tribute to his admirable character and qualities. 'The qualities of Mr. Lowe's character,' said Mr. Willson, 'came out perhaps in the most

marked and striking manner in his office as Secretary of the American Unitarian Association. He showed scholarly culture, a well-furnished mind, and a winning fervor, as a preacher. He was graceful and effective as a writer. He was a trained student. Hs was alwa}s and everywhere a man of industry, who made use of opportunities. His spirit was Christian in its purity, sincerity, and unfailing kindness and charity. But it was in the office just named that not only all these traits and characteristics came into exercise, but more. There he showed that exquisite tact, and that calm, judicial poise of temper, for which he greatly distinguished himself, and which enabled him to meet with rare success the delicate questions and responsible decisions which often arose in his experience within that denominational bureau. Of Mr. Lowe's character and influence as a man and a minister, it is not too much to say that it secured universal respect and affection from all with whom he came in contact.' "

In the same paper a correspondent, "E. E. P.," who spoke from most intimate knowledge of Mr. Lowe, to the last hours of his life, said, —

"A soul of rare purity, strength, and sweetness was imprisoned here in a feeble body. An ardent spirit longing to do its part of God's work in the world was often baffled and disheartened by the poor tool which was given it to work with. But early in life he made up his mind he would not spend the days which might be given him here in the care of his body. Reasonably prudent he always meant to be, but work he must in his Master's vineyard. And so it came to pass that few, gifted with health and strength, have been able to do better work, or will be more missed from the post of duty.

"The number of those who counted him a friend, who felt that the world was better and brighter because he was in it, is not to be computed. No one ever knew him without loving him; but all did not know the force and strength of character, the firmness for the right, the high sense of honor, which lay behind the lovable qualities which they saw and appreciated.

"There was in him a surpassing unselfishness which made him always the giver, seldom the receiver. If there was any hardness to be borne, he always took it for himself, and left the ease to others; and this not from any ascetic spirit, but because it was ever more to him to make others happy and comfortable than to be so himself. This trait was sometimes the source of pain to those who loved him, and appreciated his bodily weakness and need of the cares he so freely lavished upon others, so unwillingly accepted for himself. The burden which the body had been to him was shown in the great joy with which he laid it down. When he knew the end was near, he said, 'This is a happy day for me.' Smiling, rejoicing, without a doubt or fear, speaking words of comfort to

those present, leaving loving messages for the absent, — that chamber of death was as the very gate of heaven.

"Let those that loved him rejoice that his work on earth is over, that he is now one of the ministering angels in God's presence. For those who knew him can think of no other heaven for him but still to serve. Like a glad child he flew to his Father's arms, with no thought but of the love there; no remembrance of self, of what he had done or left undone. Thus once more is fulfilled the word of our Lord, 'At that day ye shall know that I am in my Father, and ye in me and I in you.'"

Rev. Charles H. Brigham, at our request, has furnished this account of his intimate observation of Mr. Lowe under special opportunities for discerning his character: —

When one thinks of Charles Lowe, the lines of that tender ode of Horace instantly come to mind, and there seems to be no bound to the outpouring of respect and love. Surely a purer, nobler, more disinterested, more sincere soul, never wore the garment of flesh! I first began to know him at his ordination in New Bedford, when I laid hands upon his head in the prayer of consecration. A few years later, I was brought into more intimate relation with him as we traveled together in Eastern lands, in Egypt, on the Desert, and in Palestine. I was there the constant witness of his kindness, his consideration for others, his eagerness to prefer others to himself, though he more than any other in the party needed indulgence and help. He never complained of privation or hardship or fatigue, and bore all the annoyances with a patience and cheerfulness that shamed the fault-finding of the others in the party. He was very kind even to the noisy and lying Arabs, excusing their offences, and disarming their malice by his constant good humor. The dragoman in Syria, a zealous Moslem, said that if Mr. Lowe was a Christian he was a Christian too; that he did not want any better religion than Mr. Lowe's. Though he was weakest of all in the company, dropping into sleep from exhaustion almost as soon as he dismounted from his camel, he did more than any one to keep up the spirit of the party; and we knew not which most to wonder at, his perpetual cheerfulness, or his constant self-sacrifice. Every one who saw him came to love him, men and women, Christian and Moslem.

In later years, while he was Secretary of the Unitarian Asso-

ciation, I had from him innumerable letters, many of them written when he was very weak in body and tried by physical suffering. Yet the tone of all was the same, cheerful, bright, considerate, hopeful, never morbid, never desponding. His zeal in his work never gave way, and there were no harsh words about the acts or the characters of those who criticised most sharply the doings of the Association for which he was held responsible. There was apology and excuse for the fault-finders rather than blame.

This loving heart of Charles Lowe was so large that his fine mind, his broad culture, his accurate judgment, his firm will, his eminent qualities of intellect and conscience, were almost overlooked. He was so good that we almost failed to notice his rare wisdom. But he was a well-furnished scholar, an admirable writer, and a clear thinker, while he was such a sweet-souled friend and brother.

In his death we lose not only one of the finest spirits in our circle of brethren, but one of our best counsellors, whose place it will be difficult to fill. He was one of those rare sectarians who combine decision and charity in their zeal for the faith.

TO MRS. CHARLES LOWE.

FORGIVE a heart whose thoughts perchance intrude
  Upon the privacy of blessed grief
That seeks in heaven-communing solitude
  Hope's ecstasy and earthly woe's relief!

We in thy loss a friend, a brother, mourn;
  Thy gain has given us, too, one angel more:
Not far from us, we feel, has he been borne,
  Exiled to some remote and shadowy shore.

That pure and generous soul, that tender heart,
  The mind that looked from that clear, lustrous eye,
While memory lives in us, can ne'er depart, —
  Still help make glad our earth and bright our sky.

"True to the kindred points of heaven and home,"
How true he was none knows so well as thou!
And since the angels came to call him home,
How home-like heaven, — thy home, how heavenly now!

"'Tis home where'er the heart is," — and the heart
Will always be there where its treasure is:
With heavenly treasure how enriched thou art,
Who such an earthly one henceforth shall miss!

How precious is the memory of that day,
When, looking out upon the beauteous sea,
With tranquil, trustful, thankful look he lay,
Waiting the pilot Death to set him free!

That sea — God's boundless deep of love and light —
On which, earth's moorings loose, he launched away,
Oh, does it not to faith, almost to sight,
Murmur and glow around us night and day?

And there, he is at large, — at work, at rest!
And is not now henceforth this earthly isle,
To us who here await the Lord's behest,
Made sweeter, holier by his farewell smile?

These words, — I feel how weak and poor they are
To memories, griefs, and hopes so rich as thine, —
Read by thee kindly, will not haply jar
Upon the music of that song divine,

Which Hope and Memory, sisters sweet, combine
To cheer thee with in sorrow's lonely hours,
While round that pale, transfigured brow they twine
A heavenly chaplet of immortal flowers.

C. T. BROOKS.

STRENGTH MADE PERFECT IN WEAKNESS.

A SERMON PREACHED AT SOMERVILLE, ON THE SUNDAY AFTER THE FUNERAL OF REV. CHARLES LOWE, BY REV. HENRY H. BARBER.

[*From "The Unitarian Review and Religious Magazine," for August.*]

"I must work the work of Him that sent me while it is day: for the night cometh, when no man can work" — JOHN ix. 4.

IN bringing you to-day some further words concerning our dear friend and your former pastor, I am aware that my offering may seem superfluous. The burden of our sorrow and the promise of our comfort have both been uttered. We have spoken together of our love and of our loss. We have felt our blessing in his life, and our blessing in the peace of his departure. We have watched the disappearing glow of the mounting chariot, and turned — well, if with the mantle caught from his ascending spirit — to smite the waters which part us from the next work that waits our hands. It is wonderful how soon even the heaviest trial adjusts itself to our experience, and comes to have a strange familiarity, so that we can hardly realize that there ever was a time when we were not in its shadow.

But we would not, we ought not to turn away too suddenly from the lessons of an experience like this. Such bereavement becomes, through holy and happy recollections, a sacrament of gratitude and strengthening cheer. If there is a morbid grief which dwells too constantly and too long in the shadow of bereavement, sapping the energies of the soul and going far to cloud the world, there is also a selfish and shallow lightness which is impatient of the shadows, and unwilling to wait in the darkness while God's angels of sorrow do their work of discipline and instruction, and leave at length their healing benediction. The pressure of events usually comes strongly and soon enough to crowd the special trial into its proportioned place in our varied life; and we may well wait the Providential order, not striving to elude our

burdens, but only seeking to gain their lessons and to bear them well.

Surely we whose sense of personal loss, however great, is less absorbing, may well take care that the grateful and tender emotions which have been stirred in us by the passing from among us of a life of such usefulness and worth, a spirit of so much sweetness and strength, with the peace and joy which transfigured death into deliverance, shall not be too readily displaced by the next interest that claims our thought. Doubtless, goodness makes its mark unfailingly; but certainly, too, that goodness whose memory we cherish and renew, makes deepest impress on us.

Besides, there are some portions of the services which Mr. Lowe fulfilled which have not yet been dwelt upon, and some very precious memories which have not here, at least, been adequately recalled. Of his various abilities, of the qualities that made up his general character, and of the work of his public life, nothing can be said to-day so just and so discriminating as what has been said already. The openness of his nature, the singleness and frankness of his purposes, and the heartiness and energy which he carried into every sphere of life he entered, made him to be well known and well loved in widely varying circles; and there are many far and near who will bear witness, with tender and grateful appreciation, to the same characteristic virtues, the same generous and kindly and engaging qualities. But of what he was among us and to this community, of the qualities which endeared him to those who knew him in the more personal and private relations of intimate friendship and companionship, of the many testimonies to his help in exigencies of difficulty or trial, and of those last days in which the quality of his spirit shone forth with wonderful brightness and beauty in the dissolving of the earthly tabernacle, something further may here be said.

The career of Charles Lowe was a long series of high undertakings, of grand beginnings. There was something almost sublime in the steadfastness and energy, no less than the patience and sweetness, with which, when forbidden to carry on for any long time a chosen course of usefulness, he returned again and again to the work which commanded his heart and life. If to have lived always in the life of noble causes, if to have struggled

manfully with weariness and weakness, if to have felt himself, working or resting to work again, a part of the great ministry of Christian service, however holden or straitened, still a helper of men to the light and strength of divine realities, — if this be to have lived successfully and well, then his life is fortunate and full. There was a healthy spirit in his weak, frail body which never lost sympathy with the largest enterprises and the loftiest aims. "Not only do we need God, but God needs us," are well-remembered words he spoke on the day I first knew him; and they expressed the watchword of his spirit and the key of all his life.

But his success was not only that of high endeavor. There are attained results which would not shame a vigorous body and a longer life. Each of his pastoral settlements, though brief and broken, leaves a well-attested record of useful work and of efficient service rendered in times of sorest need, — a witness borne now that he is gone, with tender words and grateful tears. And in the larger work which he did for the church, and in the various enterprises that he projected or helped to carry out, his industry and constancy and executive talent, joined to his large charity, persuasiveness and kindness of spirit, made his endeavors remarkably successful and his work more than usually effective.

There is a lesson for us all in the resolute purpose with which he made the broken strength of his interrupted labors effective for so rich and generous results of a lifetime's work. The fact of uncertain health and probable interruption was accepted by him, not as ground of exemption from the responsible work of life, but as incitement to constant diligence and careful husbanding of all the fragments of strength and opportunity. He owed much of his efficiency to his habits of trained and patient labor. Mr. Lowe was systematic in thought and word. Never hurrying, he never procrastinated. Few men are so orderly and businesslike in their intellectual habits; few so far-sighted and comprehensive in their plans of future work. There is an instance of this in the fact that, notwithstanding his extreme debility, one of his last acts was to dictate the arrangement so far as practicable of the number of "The Review," which would not appear for six weeks after his departure. His powers were all remarkably well in hand. He was ready, tactful, discriminating. This made him able to dis-

charge delicate and even painful duties, which his earnest purpose to compose difference and harmonize difficulties sometimes led him to undertake, when any one less gentle and delicately discriminating would have failed, and when one less generous and courageous in duty would have refused to mediate. He was more practical than imaginative. He did not spend his strength in dreaming of things he could not attempt. What he dared to dream of, he dared to do.

He was fruitful in beneficent projects; yet these were not chimeras, but practicable plans, thoroughly thought out, and almost sure to be executed or at least attempted, if their fulfilment depended at all upon himself. What interest of our community or of our country was there in which his interest also was not warm and active? There is hardly any department of our higher life which his thought did not grasp, and in which his fertile sagacity did not meditate some possible improvement or correction. And in how few matters of high importance has he not contributed an intelligent judgment, and the help of his personal influence and effort.

During the war he was constantly finding or making opportunities of service, from the time when his ringing voice was heard in our public square, summoning the citizen to the duty of the hour, to that Sunday at the close of the conflict, when, with the fresh news of Lincoln's assassination bearing upon his heart, he helped to reorganize the dismantled church at Charleston on the basis of loyalty to the national government. He sought and filled a chaplaincy among the troops gathered at Long Island,* and afterwards was active in the work of the Sanitary Commission, several times going to the seat of war to minister to the welfare of the soldiers. He was eager to give himself in the most effective way for the healing of his country's wounds and the restoration of his country's integrity.

He was one of the first to take up the work of establishing

* This was an unofficial position, in which Mr. Lowe served without pay from Sep., 1863, to the end of the year. He was appointed by the Executive Committee of the American Unitarian Association, after consultation with Gen. Devens, commander of the post, and with his cordial consent and approval.

schools for the freedmen, assisting in the formation of the New England Freedmen's Aid Society, and was one of the last to consent to the dissolution of that organization. He felt what we all are coming to see, that giving political power to an ignorant and hitherto subject race was attended with immense danger of abuses and misgovernment, that it imposed on the people of the North a heavy responsibility, and that the work of missionary instruction in the elements of learning, in the art of living, and the duties of citizenship, ought not to be given up for a generation. For several years he was an active member of one of the most important committees of that society, and for a long time he gave a day each week to its service, besides making several visits to the South to study and superintend the working of the schools.

But this activity in large interests of the country and of civilization did not cause him to overlook the local interests of his parish and of the community in which he lived. He was greatly interested in all the methods of education, and was one of the most valued and helpful advisers in forming the High School Association in this town, and in the measures that were taken by that organization to found a public library. He thought much upon the methods and results of our public school instruction, and accepted a few months ago a position upon the school board of this town, in the hope of carrying out some improvements which he felt to be needful and important. Several of my latest and most earnest conversations with him related to a plan, which he hoped to make practicable, of introducing some form of industrial training, experimentally, at least, into one of the public schools. While he was Secretary of the Unitarian Association he organized the Ladies Commission, for the purpose of weeding our Sunday-school libraries of worthless and pernicious books, thus rendering a service which every wise parent and teacher will gratefully acknowledge.

Had he been less a churchman and philanthropist, Mr. Lowe would have been an ardent devotee of culture. He had the tastes and instinct of the scholar; and amidst his most active labors, and even in his months of illness, he could not forbear some effort to master new knowledge and join in literary work. This taste made the last enterprise of his life, the conduct of "The

Unitarian Review," a labor of love; and had he lived to carry out his plans, there is little doubt that he would have made it both a source of personal satisfaction, and a valuable agency in promoting theological scholarship and in furthering social and Christian progress.

Not an extremist in theory, every cause of wise reform engaged his hearty co-operation. I have often heard him speak with great satisfaction of a movement in which he joined and led, during his ministry here, for lessening intemperance by moral and social effort. He believed that for the time much good was accomplished. He was earnest that the church should efficiently organize for charitable and religious effort. When during the war many women were left here without support, he established in this society a relief agency which furnished employment to fifty persons. His last words in this church were in behalf of those who were suffering from the unusual straitness of the last winter. Many of you will recall the earnest sentences in which he told us that we were placed in proximity with those who are distressed, to the end that our sympathies might be developed and our hearts softened and enlarged by ministering to their relief. But there was no tolerance of needless dependence in his generosity, no weakness of sentimentalism in his philanthropy. The impulses of his heart were always balanced by quick intelligence and large common sense.

Essentially, he was a helper of men and thought and worked most to that end. His purposes of beneficence and Christian enterprise commanded confidence and secured helpers in an unusual degree. The secret of it was, that he was himself thoroughly consecrated to human service. His distinguishing moral quality was unselfishness. He felt with his land, and was one with his kind.

The testimony is singularly full as to the confidence and affection which Mr. Lowe everywhere inspired. As a boy among his schoolmates, as a tutor in college, as a traveler in this country and abroad, — he everywhere won the hearty respect and love of his associates. "He converted the Bedouins to faith in Christianity," said his traveling companion in the East; "and by his interposition saved many a poor fellow from cruel punishment."

He had a completeness of moral sympathy which brought him into cordial and delightful relations with humanity everywhere. "His letters were like love letters," said one who was stationed as a missionary at a distant post while Mr. Lowe was Secretary of the Association.

He was equally hearty and successful in carrying out plans suggested by others as in those which he himself originated. When Mr. Sears' happy suggestion of local conferences was brought forward at Syracuse, it was Mr. Lowe that acted upon it. He called a meeting of ministers, and the system of local conferences was planned and brought forth in this church. Severe and ungenerous criticisms were sometimes made upon his course as Secretary, but I never saw or heard of any sign or trace of wounded personal feeling in any written or spoken word of his. It was not that he lacked sensitiveness, but that he cared more for the cause he had at heart than for himself. He disarmed criticism of its bitterness often, by cheerful acceptance of any possible justice in it, and by cordial assertion of the right and value of frank statement of honest difference.

The thoughtfulness, the gentleness, the painstaking, the delicate suggestions, the cordial appreciation of another's work, or of the slightest service to himself, which characterized all his intercourse, — how these things press on our remembrance! He was a friend of whom one may speak without measured phrases. His character was so round, his spirit so sweet, his work according to his strength so full, that there is no occasion to choose or balance words in speaking of his life. The truth concerning him is his sufficient eulogy. Not that I suppose him to have been without imperfection or sense of moral weakness; but the imperfection was not permitted to grow to any visible harvest of bitterness or evil, and the inward struggle was always victorious. If there ever was any hard or selfish side of his nature, I never found a clew to where it lay. He was frank and simple, and wisely prudent. He never lost mental or spiritual poise. With enough confidence in his powers to enable him to wield them at all times, there was never a look, not a trace, of self-consciousness in his bearing. The glow of his speech was without suspicion of fanaticism; the zeal of his religious and denominational fervor, without any touch of

harshness, narrowness, or sectarian bigotry. While earnest and positive in conviction, and persistent in the method he judged to be wise and the cause he believed to be good, he was ready to concede everything but essential truth, and efficient work in its behalf. His urgency for that made him yielding in everything but that. He rejoiced in all signs of increasing co-operation in religious effort, and welcomed every promise of broadening Christian fellowship. To borrow his own happy figure on a well-remembered occasion, his ear was quick to hear and glad to recognize the clink of the approaching hammers, which told him that from opposing sides the builders of the way of the Lord were drawing near together, and near to the central heart of truth.

It was a severe trial to Mr. Lowe when he was obliged to give up repeatedly, and at length finally, the active work of the profession he had chosen. After leaving the Secretaryship of the Association, and again on his return from abroad, he was urgently pressed to take charge of an important neighboring parish; and each time he held the proposal in careful and deliberate consideration, longing to undertake what I am sure his judgment at once forbade him to think practicable. He preached but once after his return, and the exhaustion that followed this effort showed him that he could not hope to enter the pastoral work again. But with his whole soul he loved and believed in that work, and was fitted for eminent success in it. His gifts of voice and presence attracted and fastened attention; and the glow of his earnestness, the completeness of his sympathy, and the practical and constructive quality of his mind, made his pulpit offices always impressive and helpful. He loved this church of his latest and longest service. Burdened before with the heavy duties of large parishes, and struggling often with severe illness, it is not strange that he remembered the years of his ministry here with especial satisfaction. The lighter duties of a smaller parish, the advantages of this neighborhood, your ready consideration of the exigencies of his precarious health, with other circumstances, perhaps, joined to make this the happiest and most fortunate of his three pastoral settlements, and also made it pleasant for him to continue his home among us.

In the conduct of the various activities of the parish, his orga-

nizing mind and practical wisdom, together with his energy and enthusiasm, made him remarkably efficient and successful. He never allowed you to forget the claims of your Christian faith upon your service and generous contributions, nor to lose sight of the various causes of charity and philanthropy which needed your support. The children loved his presence, and he knew how to meet them and awaken their interest. Our Sunday school has always had his remembrance and regard; and I doubt if any one of its anniversaries has passed without a written or spoken word from him.

But it was as a pastor in times of trial and bereavement that he came closest to the hearts of his people. While his sensitiveness of nature may have sometimes checked and limited his utterance of sympathy, and made it impossible for him ever to obtrude undesired or merely formal consolations, and while his physical weakness kept him sometimes from those he gladly would have comforted, and made his pastoral service often costly to him in a degree that was little suspected, yet none could be left in doubt of the fullness of his sympathy; and very many will hold him in dear and sacred remembrance for the tenderness of his counsels, and the uplifting help of his strong and cheerful faith. From each place of his earlier settlement come testimonies to the inestimable worth of his presence and sympathy at such seasons; and I need hardly speak of the preciousness to many among you of the service you could not spare in your trials and bereavements, so cheerfully and tenderly rendered down to the last months of his life.

It was good for us that he dwelt among us so long. His counsels were never refused to our perplexities, his sympathies never cold in our discouragements and sorrows. Every good work among us had his cordial word of encouragement; if possible, his active co-operation. His friendly presence cheered and gladdened our gatherings for social intercourse; and his earnest and timely words enriched our evenings of discussion and our meetings for religious conversation and communion. His successor in the ministry of this church may be permitted to bear grateful and heartfelt testimony to the kindness so constant, the helpful counsel and sympathy so generous, delicate, and cordial, as to make

very real and strengthening the sense of having in him, without any official tie, a spiritual adviser and colleague. His earnestness and activity in every large interest of humanity, kept steadily up in the midst of frequent exhaustion and constant weakness, have been to us all a stimulus to high and generous aims; and his gentle and self-sacrificing spirit, manifest in all his bearing and relations with us, has been an incitement and example of goodness, — more persuasive, perhaps, because of the frailness of the form through which such vigor and devotedness of spirit were made manifest.

The long impending blow came suddenly at last. We had watched his failing strength during the spring with much apprehension; yet the wonderful elasticity of his constitution, as evinced in past recoveries, buoyed up our hopes that we might keep him a little longer with us.

During anniversary week, he attended for a part of each day the meetings in which he was always so deeply interested, though feeling too weak to take part, as in the case of the meeting of the Unitarian Association he earnestly desired. His last public act, I think, was to move a resolution of respect to the memory of a lamented brother in the ministry. At the close of the week he drove with his family to Swampscott, hoping to find in the salt breezes the refreshment and invigoration which he had often experienced there before. For a day or two he seemed better, and enjoyed walking a little upon the beach. On Sunday night, however, an attack of hemorrhage occured which greatly prostrated his strength, and confined him to his room. He rallied somewhat after a few days, and though the attack was renewed at intervals, was able to sit up at length, and hopes were cherished that he would soon be as well as before. He enjoyed sitting at his window and looking out upon the sea; and was glad to be from home because of the freedom from care which gave him the uninterrupted society of his family. But three days before he died there was a recurrence of his worst symptoms, and when the hemorrhage was over he began to sink rapidly. During the night of Thursday, June 18, he suffered intensely; and when his wife, who left him this once only because he insisted that she should rest, greeted him in the morning, both knew without words that the end was near.

But though unexpected, the change did not overcome him. When those he loved were able to give him up he was more than ready. "Now all is right, now all is beautiful," he said. His abounding peace that day lifted all who were about him into serene exaltation. He passed much of the morning in finally arranging his affairs; and in dictating loving words of remembrance to many friends, only ceasing to mention their names from the fear that the task of transmitting his messages might be too heavy a burden. The thoughtful love, which always spoke in his eye and in his actions, in the unreserve of these last hours found full expression in his words to all who were about him. "How I love you," he said to us who stood for a few moments by his side; and I knew that his heart was reaching out then to embrace you also who were not there. When I tried to tell him for myself and for you how much we owed him and how dear we held him, and what a strength and blessing we had felt in his presence, he said repeatedly and warmly, "I only wish that I could have done more." He spoke most affectionate words of cheer and counsel to one with whom he had been much in a recent heavy bereavement; and bade us good-by in his heartiest tones and with his sunniest smile.

Afterwards, he recounted with his friends many of the most pleasant scenes and genial friendships of his life, recalling with especial delight and gratitude the memory of many kindnesses received, and many seasons of happy intercourse with one and another which he had been permitted to enjoy. It was an hour of most precious communion with those he loved, in the best experiences of a lifetime and the best hopes of that immortal life which stood near and real before him. He addressed himself to each of the dear ones about him, with tender and cheerful words of counsel and affection. "Think that I shall be well and happy," he urged them. He said that he was glad to lay down the suffering body, and put on the new health and power of immortality. "I shall want to rest awhile," he said; "but after that there will be higher work for me to do." He thought that he should be near and helpful to those he loved. "Be cheerful, be happy," he told them; "do not shut the sunshine out of our home; let

there be nothing gloomy because of my departure; there is no separation."

Some incidents of this day, simple in themselves, you will be glad to know, as they illustrate the character of our friend. The following is of interest as showing also the true idea of one of our Christian rites. As night approached, he urged those about him to go down to the evening meal. His wife declined, asking that a little refreshment be brought to her at his bed-side. "Yes," he said, "I will take it with you; and it shall be our communion service." So they ate and drank the Last Supper together, remembering Christ in the bread and in the cup, in the way he doubtless meant; not making it a formal observance, but talking simply and naturally of the Divine Brother whose love he felt, and whom he was soon to see. "I have not always felt religious emotion as I wished," he said with an earnest look; "but I feel it now," — a confession which may have its comfort for many other dutiful and faithful spirits, who have blamed themselves for lack of religious feeling. I should not repeat these words if I were not sure that he would be glad if any should find help from his statement of an experience which has been common to many of the saintliest among men, and did I not believe that the largeness of his aspiration dwarfed his sense of attainment. The energies of his frail body had been so constantly transmuted into action, that little vital force perhaps was left to feed the springs of emotion; and so the very faithfulness with which he served his Master may have sometimes brought him into a state in which he doubted the warmth of his affection for him. If that were so, his fidelity was abundantly justified, and his doubts resolved gloriously at the last. His Christian affections glowed warm and strong in the fore-feeling of the Blessed Life. "It has been one of the happiest days of my life," he said at evening. The long weary march lay behind, and the rest of home in sight. The blessings of the past were recalled, not for regret, but for gratitude; the pains and infirmities of the past, not for repinings over its weakness and burden, but for content in the approaching change. So his exalted spirit made good and ill, life and death, things present and things to come, minister to its gratitude and peace; and chose the divine side of each,

because the law of a divine life controlled and glorified it in all. At the evening it was light.

With the morning of his last day there came to our friend an earnest longing to be gone. The words of farewell had been spoken, the final arrangements made; nothing was left but to await departure. He who had always thought of others before himself was almost eager now to relieve the strain and weariness of those who watched and waited about his bed. Nor need we forbear to state that he shrank from the thought of enduring long the great distress which at intervals oppressed him. Happily the paroxysms were few and short. He greeted with tenderness and delight an old and dear friend, who came in his last hours; and all his thoughtfulness for others, as well as his desire to be gone for his own sake and theirs, found characteristic expression. Having been greatly refreshed by taking a little water, he seemed to regret the new strength which he felt could only prolong the parting, and exclaimed, "It was a mistake; it has revived me;" and added, "How I pity you all."

Something of the exaltation of the preceding day remained to the last. He was repeatedly raised to look out upon the sea, in which he seemed to find ever fresh delight. When it was thought that he would hardly speak again, he surprised those about him by joining in the chanting of the twenty-third Psalm, his voice sinking at the verse, "Though I walk through the valley of the shadow of death," but rising again to distinctness with the words, "My cup runneth over."

And so, celebrating Goodness and Mercy, he sank down into peace. He joined soon in the New Song beside the Crystal Sea. It is the privilege of spirits such as his to make death beautiful for us all in their departure. It is one of the marvellous compensations of the Divine order, that the greatness of our loss suggests at once the greatness of our consolations. None who witnessed the exaltation of those last days of peace can fail to feel its cheering influences whenever the shadow of death draws near; and I have dwelt upon them now, believing that you will catch something of their cheer and their revelation, and in his vanquishing of death be helped yourselves to subdue its fear.

Yet it is still more in the memory of what all his life has been

that his death is hallowed to us. Had his last hours all been clouded by distress, or sunk in unconsciousness, little could even then be lacking to the sanctity and beauty of these memorial hours. Death would still be shorn of terror, through the power and sweetness with which goodness affirms itself immortal. The dying grace vouchsafed him was but fit completion of a gracious life. But as we thus turn back from the beautiful scene of his departure to remember the lessons of his life, let us carry with us these clear impressions of the Divine comfort granted him and conviction of immortality assured to him. If they sweeten death in our thought, they also ennoble life. And this is the more urgent lesson; since we can better forego peaceful foresight of death than the inspiring power of earnest, consecrated living. Perhaps we ought not to be reconciled with death, save through the uplifting and disciplining agency of self-forgetting work for man, and loyal following where the Heavenly Will leads on. No willingness to die that comes otherwise is divine, though it may be natural, even inevitable, sometimes. No other is so much victory over death, as defeat and despair of life.

Our dear friend, I am sure, loved, even hoped, to live. The years of weakness and weariness had not made life a burden; or if sometimes a burden, one that was patiently and cheerfully borne. The work he found to do, the good he found to enjoy, were constant incitement and compensation. His singularly balanced nature and happy temperament gave little place to depression or morbid forebodings. He lived generously in the present and the future, using faithfully the measure of his strength, always hoping, always planning to do more. It was only when this expectation gave way, suddenly to him, that the current of his desire and longing swung at once, with little struggle, into accord with the new onlooking. Death nor life was able to disturb his trust nor part him from his assurance.

The dear and honored presence is withdrawn. We miss henceforth the warm clasp of the hand, the clear, genial glance of the earnest eye, the sunny smile, the cordial tones,— the fellowship, the counsel, the helpful suggestions, which these conveyed; we miss the hearty, kindly, gentle, and devoted temper in which he lived among us,— which clothed him with the spirit of service,

and made his presence a benediction. Shall we not all catch the mantle of his spirit as the prophet ascends? While the impress of his character lingers fresh in our hearts, framed in the setting of his happy and divinely peaceful death, let us hold and fix it there for our spiritual quickening and admonition.

For the night cometh. Whether finished or incomplete, we must leave our work at the going down of the sun. Too soon for us the night has come in which the long-worn frame of our friend can work no longer, but has welcome rest. The unbated energy of all these weary years of flickering life, but most brave, persistent effort and endurance, makes the lesson of the night that has fallen one with the deeper impressiveness of the striving and attainment of the day's full hours, of the sweet and hearty loyalty with which he worked the work of Him who appointed to him the day, and has now appointed the night. Night, as we see; but to him the break of the eternal dawn. The lesson of his day and night help us to a faithfulness like his, and brighten for us also the evening shadows!

CHARLES LOWE.

It was life's hour of sunset, calm and golden;
He, who had heard death's oar,
Turned his pale face once more to view the ocean
Ere he should leave the shore.

Bright beamed his sun as it drew near its setting;
Bright glowed the good man's faith;
And with brave words that told of hopes immortal
He calmly welcomed death.

More beautiful, he knew, the scenes awaiting
His eye, then growing dim, —
The night would fall upon the world's broad highway:
No night would be for him.

More lovely far than sunset on the billow,
Than landscapes broad and fair,
Than moonbeams shimmering o'er earth's placid waters,
The scenes to greet him there.

For all of loveliness and all of glory
Awaited Christ's dear saint
In that bright home his heart so gladly welcomed
Without one vain complaint.

God's will was his, — so, calmly and confiding,
He launched upon the tide,
Soon to behold the King, in all his beauty,
Upon the other side.

PHEBE A. HANAFORD.

APPENDIX.

From an appreciative tribute to Mr. Lowe in "L'Alliance Libérale" (Geneva, Switzerland), for July 25, 1874.

"Charles Lowe, mort le 24 juin, jeune encore, à l'âge de 46 ans, n'est ni un grand théologien ni un grand orateur, mais c'est un grand caractère. Sa vie entière a été une lutte incessante entre une âme active et un corps débile. L'esprit lui disait: parle et agis, le corps répondait: souffre et repose toi. . . . . Il appartient à cette élite de chrétiens qui sans préoccupations personnelles, se dévouent à la cause de l'Evangile, c'est-à-dire à la cause de ce qui est vrai, juste, bon, et religieux. Il n'est peut-être connu en Europe que par les personnes avec lesquelles il est entré en relation durant deux séjours qu'il fit sur le continent, mais en Amérique, il est considéré comme l'un des chefs les plus intelligents du libéralisme chrétien. Sa mort a causé une douleur profonde et générale. Il etait aimé et respecté de tous les partis.

. . . Contraint de renoncer au pastorat, il fut nommé Secrétaire de l'Association unitaire américaine. Dans cette nouvelle position, on put apprécier non seulement son intelligence et ses talents, mais encore la grandeur de son caractère. L'unitarisme, pendent longtemps, n'avait été que l'avant-garde du Protestantisme américain, il devenait maintenant un corps d'armée. Dans cette armée, dont il fallait désormais tenir compte, il y avait des tendances diverses: l'ancien unitarisme de Channing, le nouveau de Parker, et même un radicalisme inquiet. Il fallait éviter les divisions et les schismes, maintenir l'union et la vie. Charles Lowe fut à la hauteur de sa tâche. Par ses opinions, il se rattachait plutôt à l'unitarisme de Channing, mais c'était un esprit supérieur, un vrai chrétien, et il comprenait la diversité des opinions, il les utilisait pour l'avancement du régne de Dieu. Il trouvait toujours la solution la plus satisfaisante. Il se comportait avec calme et dignité. Respectant les convictions d'autrui, il obtenait sans peine un égal respect pour ses convictions personelles. Chacun avait foi en sa loyauté. Par son zèle, sa douceur, sa fermeté, il a contribué à assurer á l'unitarisme une place importante en Amérique."

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